

WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

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IN DAYS OF PEACE.

The stalwart troopers rode at ease,
In scarlet, gold, and steel;
Within the park the worker crept,
To eat his scanty meal.
Alas! the workers' meals have paid
For sword and horse and golden braid.

The glittering troopers charge along
The crowded city lanes—
No medicine like steel to soothe
The gnawing hunger pains!
O, rulers of the Lords of Trade,
These are the gods your hands have made.
—EDWARD THURGOOD.

The Passing Show.

CONDUCTED BY OTUS.

SAID Fred Flowers, in coaxing the N.S.W. House of Landlords to vote for the Labor Party's Income Tax: "The Government was perfectly willing to meet the House [Legislative Council] in every way. It would be a dangerous state of affairs were any conflict to take place. The Government had no desire for any conflict. Probably a section might delight in a fight of that description. In years gone by, possibly, he would have hailed with delight the possibilities of a fight of that character. But he did not feel much disposed at that particular stage to bring about a crisis." Then the "Abolition-of-the-Upper-House" plank spread its wings and flew out of the Labor Government's programme, and Messrs Garland (he of the leg-irons), Farleigh, Kater, Hurley, Gullett, Fosbery, Gormly, Sir Normand MacLaurin, and other Fat Men fell over one another in a rush to vote in the Labor Party's Income Tax.

A bush teacher writes to the press to suggest that the country schools should be closed during harvesting operations: An "advantage of this system is that teachers would be enabled, as farm laborers, to earn a little money for Christmas. Under the existing rates of 'emolument,' the Christmas vacation for many teachers is mainly an opportunity of writing letters to tradespeople explaining why the bills cannot be met." Jim McGowen's Government is just as big a sweater as Gregory Wade's. But why don't the teachers go on strike?

From Zola's "Rome": The great movement of the nations was the instinct, the need which impelled them to return to unity. Originating in one sole family, afterwards parted and dispersed in tribes, thrown into collision by fratricidal hatred, their tendency was none the less to become one sole family again. The provinces united into nations, the nations would unite in races, and the races would end in uniting in one immortal mankind—mankind at last without frontiers, or possibility of wars, mankind living by just labor, amidst a universal commonwealth. Was not this indeed the evolution, the object of Labor progressing everywhere, the finish reserved to history.

The printer has evidently made a mistake in spelling the name of the N.Z. Labor Party's official organ. Correctly, it is the *Vice of Labor*.

Recently George Dunn, coal miner, sustained serious injuries in John Brown's Pelaw-Main mine, owing to the negligence of John Brown to make the workings reasonably safe. Dunn sued for £2000, and Brown's counsel admitted in court that Brown knew the mine was unsafe. Later on, the presiding judge obligingly permitted Brown's counsel to withdraw his admission, although it was never asserted that the admission was incorrect. The jury returned a verdict for £1200; and Brown appealed against this verdict on the grounds that it had not been shown that Brown knew the place was unsafe; and the Chief Justice declared that he could not see how the admission that was made for Brown in court that Brown knew could be used to prove the truth of the statement that Brown knew, because Brown had been permitted to withdraw the admission that he knew. Judges Pring and Gordon concurring, the verdict was set aside on these remarkable grounds. And once more the class-made law triumphs over the truth. The marvel is how a judge can administer such a law and bid himself that he retains his own self-respect.

In the House of Representatives on Monday of last week, Mr. Howe asked: Has the Minister seen a copy of THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST of the 9th instant—a newspaper published in Sydney—headed, "Some facts about the Australian navy." If he has not read it, will he read it, and have an investigation made into the accuracy of the statements?

Mr. Joseph Cook: What are they?
Mr. Howe: I cannot, under Mr. Speaker's ruling, read them.

Mr. Speaker: The honorable member is at liberty to say what the statements are. What I have objected to is the reading of long extracts from newspapers when the statements could be briefly given.

Mr. Howe: Briefly, the statements amount to this: that the methods of punishment provided under the Queen's Regulations are so extreme as to belong really to a barbarous age. I ask that an inquiry may be made before these regulations are applied to the members of our Defence Force.

Mr. Roberts: I have not seen the article referred to. No doubt the Minister will make the necessary inquiries.

[We shall be glad to hear from men on Australian Station who have experienced Garden Island treatment, and also those who have suffered other punishments and indignities.]

It is nice to know that Parliament reflects the intellectuality, sobriety, morality, decency, and the general rectitude of the community. But Otus confesses that just a slight doubt in this respect crept into his mind the other day when he read how the "naïcest" Christian gentlemen, led by that eminent footballer and "player of the game," Chas. Gregory Wade of Willoughby, had organised themselves into a push, and yelled like yahoos and danced like drunken derelicts and pelted things at the Speaker (just in the same way that the Woolloomooloo hooligan used to hurl glass bottles from behind stone walls in the good old days) and used the vile and unprintable language of moral leprosy while Gus Miller and some other Christians sang: "Who killed Cock Robin?" on "Every Willis or some other old thing."

"Pieces of Earth" threatened to supersede "Peace on Earth" when Bottle-flinger Perry grabbed a rock or a bottle or a book or some other destructive missile at the general break-up (or was it "mix-up"?) at Macquarie-street.

The wharf laborers who allowed their recent strike to be broken by the political seals of the P.L.L. have now got something to think about. Had the strike been continued, and conducted along straight working-class lines, there isn't the least doubt that they would have forced the employers to concede the rates they wanted. All that has come out of the scabbery triumph is this: The terms of the faked agreement against which the men struck have been made into a legal instrument—an award by Judge Scholes. And all that the "leaders" responsible for the scabbery can recommend is that the union shall appeal from the award of Judge Scholes (as chairman of the Wages Board) to Judge Scholes sitting as chairman of the Industrial Court!

The president of the Sugar Commission (which is sitting to find out things that every Australian school boy knows) is being paid £3000 a year, with £3 a day travelling expenses, by the Federal Labor Government. The other members of the Commission are each getting £3 a day, with 25s a day added for travelling expenses; and everybody ought to be satisfied that it is a Sugar Commission.

According to the cables, there has been a serious conflict between the police and the strikers at Dundee, Scotland. The police attack seems to have been repulsed. The police charged the people, on whom they indiscriminately used their batons. A number of people were injured. Dock laborers, carters, mill workers, and jute workers are on strike at Dundee. The jute strikers, "making common cause" with the carters and dockers, flung a lorry into the dock.

If the workers had the power to fix their own remunerations through their industrial organisations, what need would there be for Commissions—sugar or otherwise?

Because John Verran of South Australia started a State ice works on capitalistic lines, where the workers are robbed just as by Private Enterprise, and because John's establishment licked the other fellow in cutting rates, and the other fellow (the Crystal Ice Co.) had to chuck the business, the weary old *Register* languidly arose to say that the men thrown out of work are "victims of Socialism." The *Register* seems to be a "victim" of either stupidity or mendacity—or both.

Over in Adelaide Laborite Tommy Ryan (a "wower" M.P.) is in a land-agency business with a man named Hosking. Ryan fought strenuously to get the Pinneroo railway bill through, and a person named Hosking snapped up the land. To-day, at their place of business, Hosking and Ryan are selling farms in the Pinneroo district, and all of the said farms are in the very pick of the country. Funny, isn't it?

The *Daily Telegraph* calls J. Havelock Wilson a "great strike leader," and this is what the great strike leader declares: "Asked what his opinion was of the attitude of the Government towards strikers during the recent disturbances, particularly with regard to the calling out of troops, Mr. Wilson said it was the duty of all Governments to maintain order. He did not think it was a good thing for troops to be used unnecessarily in labor disputes, but when riots reached a certain point and civil authorities could not maintain order, then they could only fall back upon stronger forces."

Do you think troops were used unnecessarily during the recent strike?

Speaking generally, I do not. There may have been one or two instances where milder measures might have been used, but the Government has to maintain order so long as it is not done in an unreasonable manner. In the case of a strike the Government should stand alone, neither on one side nor the other. The position should always be one of neutrality."

This is what makes us feel glad that Havelock Wilson told Sammy Manger that he didn't approve of Socialism.

Says *Freedom*, the London journal of the Anarchist-Communists, under the head of "Government Bomb Outrages": The war between Italy and Turkey illustrates to a nicety the hypocrisy of the Press and the capitalist class. True it is an unpopular war, because, although it has been "worked up" by the Press in Italy, and the silly patriots there are seething with ill-feeling against the Turks and are very "proud of their Navy," the rest of Europe has been neglected in respect of "Turkish atrocities" of late, and the action of the Italian Government has appeared in its true colours as one of the most abominable outrages in history. But Anarchists must not miss this opportunity of pointing to the fact that bombs are being thrown about in hundreds by the paid servants of a capitalist Government. On October 6th, it is stated, bomb-throwing by Italians in the Adriatic Sea resulted in the loss of 300 lives. The commander of the Italian cruiser notified the Turkish authorities at Port Said that he would by his bomb mechanism sink the Turkish transports containing several thousand men if they dared to attempt to convey them from one portion of Turkish territory to another. All Governments are prepared to perform this horrible work—and in cold blood. Who are "the enemies of society"?

How the great Christian Capitalist nations demonstrate that they follow the "Prince of Peace": Naval expenditure by the principal nations in 1901-1902 is compared with the estimates for 1911-1912, and shows the following increases in the ten years: United Kingdom, from £34,872,299 to £44,882,047; Germany, from £9,530,000 to £22,031,788; United States, from £16,012,438 to £26,584,571; France, from £13,802,266 to £16,705,382; Russia, from £9,359,766 to £13,270,376; Italy, from £4,912,661 to £8,379,946; Austria-Hungary, from £1,821,284 to £5,152,382; Japan, from £4,485,015 to £8,803,015. In the current financial year Germany is spending £11,710,859 on new ship construction.

Mr. McGowen advocates cremation. So do we—of Mr. McGowen and his party in the revolutionary furnace of the class-conscious ballot of the workers.

Every time we read in the daily press that "Mr. T. R. Morgan appeared before the Wages Board" FOR THE PROPRIETORS, we remember that smashed coal strike when Mr. Morgan was miners' general secretary and right-hand supporter of that eminent wrecker, W. M. Hughes, and we wonder—oh, we wonder such a lot of things, among them how long will it be before we also read: "Mr. Hughes appeared for the employers."

When a farmer man recently secured a big verdict against W. M. Hughes over an arrangement under which the farmer and Hughes were to jointly run the latter's farm and exploit his poley cow at Richmond, and Hughes having kicked his partner along the ear in the meantime, the farmer was represented by solicitor Leopold Benjamin Bertram and Hughes by B. Ringrose Wise. After the termination of the case the farmer confessed to the prothonotary that the solicitor had made an arrangement with him for a division of the reluctant splash dragged from the strike-breaker. This in addition to costs! And when Leopold Benjamin Bertram was hauled before the Full Court to answer for this legal fall from grace, he was represented by B. Ringrose Wise—Hughes's counsel in the original case. Now, what does it mean?

London *Justice* on the British Labor Party and its support of that magnificent swindle, Lloyd George's Insurance Bill: "Why even we Social-Democrats, intransigent, revolutionary, 'whole-hoggers' as we are, do not vehemently oppose half-measures, nor disdainfully reject the 'slices of pork, bacon, and ham' which the *Labor Leader* tells us 'the orthodox political parties' are eagerly handing out. We shall welcome their 'half measures'—not oppose them—and seize with avidity the 'slices of pork, bacon, and ham'—when the orthodox parties begin to hand them out. Our objection to the slices is that they are mere 'property' slices; the pork, bacon, and hams are wooden make-believes; and the Insurance Bill is not even a 'half-measure' in the right direction, but a whole measure—pressed down and running over—in the wrong."

In order that the working class might not have to pay too dearly for their motor cars, the Federal Government has decided not to increase the duties on motor chassis. The men who own the motor establishments are quite pleased about it.

The Cairns (Q) wharf laborers, who struck to enforce compliance on the part of the employers with the terms of their agreement, were practically ordered back to work by the Hughes faction, which operates from Melbourne. But in the meantime, the Cairns men had won their point, and for once the Wrecker-General of Strikes didn't score.

Rev. W. Martin of Marrickville has been telling a congregation about the condition upheld by the Christian Church in England. It was, he said, evident that in the past the government of the country was for the few, and not for the masses. The Churches in the past had been preaching too much to the "upper ten" and not to the masses. There were millions of people living from hand to mouth who were dissatisfied with their lot. There were two Londons in England—the London of affluence and comfort and the London of poverty. One out of every six persons who died in London died in the workhouse, and one out of every three persons of 65 and upwards died paupers. The death-rate among the children of the poor was five times greater in proportion to their number than among the rich, and in the adult population double that of the rich. It had been estimated by Professor Bowley that there were 12,000,000 of men over twenty-one years of age in regular employment in England. Of that number 320,000 received 15s. or less per week; 640,000 received from 15s. to 20s.; 1,600,000 from 20s. to 25s.; and 1,680,000 from 25s. to 30s. per week. With such low wages for regular work there was no wonder there was dissatisfaction. In his opinion a man often drank because he had lost all heart.

Over 20 men were smashed to death in the Broken Hill mines during last year; but this was counterbalanced in the books of Fat when B.H. shares became firmer on the market.

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To our Contributors.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST are reminded that our space is exceedingly limited. The close short articles and crisp and snappy paragraphs will have the best chance of securing publication.

Writers are asked to note that preference will be given to articles dealing with current industrial and political events from a Revolutionary Socialist viewpoint. Articles must not exceed 1000 words. Open Column contributions exceeding 500 words cannot be printed.

Write legibly, on one side of the paper only, and leave good space between the lines. When posting, leave ends open, and mark "Press Copy Only." A penny stamp will then be sufficient from any part of Australia. Address to "The Editor." No private communication must be included.

Every contribution must bear the writer's name—not necessarily for publication.

Contributions received later than Tuesday morning cannot be guaranteed insertion in following week's issue.

Friends and Members visiting THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST Office are urged to assist in getting business done with expedition. DON'T STAY TO TALK. We're always busy; and the delays we are subjected to in the daytime we have to make up for by working through the night hours.

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Any person under the age of 30, who, having any knowledge of the existing social order, is not a revolutionary, is an inferior.

—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Political Laborism.

The Varying Voices of It.

BY DORA B. MONTEFIORE.

THE revolutionary Socialist Party in Australasia is growing, and, as a consequence, is being virulently attacked by Capitalism. The same thing has happened, and is happening in Europe and in America; and yet the Socialist Party survives and grows. What the workers have to remember, in judging of the tactics of the enemy, is that in warfare THERE ARE VARIOUS KINDS OF ATTACK. There is the direct frontal attack, the inner surprise from traitors concealed under false colors, the methods of the hired guide who leads portions of the main army into morasses or useless by-paths, and the attack which aims at buying over a leading officer, who secretly surrenders with his bewildered followers to the machinations of the enemy. Now, all these forms of attack are used by Capitalism against the Socialist Party, not to mention their crude methods of inflaming the rank and file by hurling epithets of "anarchists" or "sectionalists" against their oncoming enemy, or their more subtle methods of confusing the minds of the attackers as to who are their friends, and who are their foes.

The open attacks on our Party in the Capitalist press are easy to deal with, for our weapons are superior to theirs, and our strong right arm is strengthened with righteousness—righteousness as between man and man; while their shield is the rotting shield of privilege, and their forts are the forts of injustice and of exploitation and of injustice. But the Capitalists, realising at last what must be the ultimate issue of the class struggle, have set their brains to work to prolong it to the utmost by every method, and, in the language of the exploiter, "to make things last our time at least." Cunning, and traditional craft, gained through many years of government of the masses, help at every turn this process of prolongation of the fight. The enemy is secretly offering to the leaders of the army of people luring baits and loot of dazzling value.

They send emissaries into the attacking camp, to undermine the loyalty of too many of Labor's "leaders," who clutch at the hint of the tediousness and length of the siege, and who eagerly hail the suggestion that after all there is only one life on this earth; why, therefore, wear it out in hopeless and deadly attack? These emissaries flatter the leaders, telling them that men of intelligence like themselves should build houses instead of living in tents, should surround themselves with comforts, and reap the reward of their ambitions. The hint is thrown out that there is no real betrayal of the rank and file, it is only a philosophic attitude of waiting for evolution to accomplish her own ends, instead of an unphilosophic speeding up of revolution. The emissaries further promise that if the leaders can contrive to put off the day of victory of the starving rank and file of the army of the workers, the owners of the rich fortress of Capitalism will answer for it that these worldly-wise leaders shall never lack for anything.

IT WAS THEN THAT THE REAL AGONY OF THE SOLDIERS OF THE RANK AND FILE BEGAN. They were systematically misled by specious lies; their councils were broken up from within; spies and informers lurked under the guise of comrades in arms, and the very name of "Labor," from being a word of singleness of purpose and of power, was fouled and prostituted by politicians, until it stood for every low form of Opportunism, and the slaking of personal ambitions. Over the whole of political "Laborism" lies the trail of Capital's bribery and corruption; and when the loyal leader stands forth, and points to the object of the fight, to the goal that is to be obtained, if not for self, then for children, and children's children, the cry goes up as of yore from the throats of the misguided, tricked, and degraded rank and file: "Crucify him! Crucify him! Not this man, but Barabbas!" And Barabbas, the political "Labor" leader, is again and again chosen; while the man who is neither a thief, nor a betrayer, is led out to execution.

It is in listening to the varying voices of political "Labor" that one, who can read between the lines, realises the difficulty for the organised worker who is striving to help with his organisation and his vote the forces that are out with the honest intention of breaking down the walls of Capitalism, and giving the workers full access to the means of life. In Victoria, where the Political Labor Party is still outside, but is thirsting for the place and power which it observes being enjoyed in three neighboring States, an appeal is being made to the class and revolutionary instincts of the workers, and we are told in an article called "The new birth of the Democracy," that "because progress is eternal, the policy of palliation cannot live. . . . Let us make ready with the army of the revolution to essay the supreme task of emancipation." That is splendid electioneering talk for Political Labor on the make; but let us see how it pans out, after Political "Labor" has induced the workers to believe in their sheep leaders' bleating behind lions' skins.

Labor politicians in New South Wales stand "for all classes," and fine and jail those who use the industrial class weapon of the strike. They are great on palliatives such as State brickmaking, State and Federal banking (this latter approved of by that hoary old conservative organ, the *London Times*), State industries of all sorts, undertaken FOR PROFIT, be it observed, exactly on the old well-known lines of capitalist exploitation. Where, we may well ask, is that mythical "army of the revolution" once each of the "revolutionaries" has his comfortable Ministerial portfolio?

In this same article in the *Labor*

Call we are told in all seriousness that "leaders who do not engage systematically in the propagation of Socialism can but expect to be thrust aside." Surely the writer must have had his finger to his nose as he thought of Fisher, McGowen, Verran, Holman, Hughes, Beeby, Griffith, and the rest of these respectables who attend coronations in London and coronation church services in Australia, who dance attendance at vice-regal parties, and carefully supervise any suggested legislation for fear that it may contain a trace of Socialism, which would upset the nerves of the bourgeoisie. We hardly fancy these un-Socialist leaders "expect to be thrust aside."

Let us turn now to the New Zealand *Voice of Labor*, which represents the aspirations of political Laborism on the make in the Dominion. It is good to record the fact that in that part of the world the workers have sufficiently educated themselves towards revolution as to found a paper, the *Mauriland Worker*, which is backed by the New Zealand Federation of Labor, and which, under the able editorship of our comrade Robert S. Ross, preaches straight-out Socialism and Industrial Unionism. As a consequence, self-seeking Labor opportunists are so "real mad" that they think to frighten the workers by calling the organised Socialists "anarchists," and the *Voice of Labor* has a long-winded article in the number of November 17th attempting to prove that the real "class struggle" is not the class struggle that Karl Marx interpreted, but some emasculated theory of the Ramsay MacDonald type. The writer says that "the class struggle in its real meaning does not predicate the division of the world into two hostile camps, each seeking to destroy the other." But we would remind the writer and any workers who may be misled by this sort of stuff, that Marx never predicted that. He interpreted modern industrialism and Capitalism, not as seeking to destroy the worker, BUT AS SEEKING TO KEEP HIM IN WAGE SLAVERY, which is a very different matter. And he interpreted for the worker that, if he wished to escape from that wage-slavery, he himself must free himself; that there was no salvation in masters, in leaders, in any man or woman, but only in the inner feeling of revolt against slavery, which must arm the worker himself in the class struggle. And the worker who is a scientific Socialist regards the human race as "an entity" just as the writer in the N.Z. *Voice of Labor* bids us regard it; the only difference in the outlook being that the scientific Socialist knows there can be no real entity, no real solidarity of the race, as long as class and other distinctions obtain; and the scientific Socialist is out to put an end to classes, and so end the class struggle. In its issue of November 10th the same "Labor" paper has an article on Syndicalism or Industrial Unionism, which it chooses to call the new "Anarchism." If ever an article was inspired by Capitalism, that article was. Over every line hangs the shadow of "the rich man's hurrying terror" of which William Morris wrote. The scared writer talks about Sabotage declaring war against the innocent as well as the guilty. What about the industrial war; are they not ALL INNOCENT who are killed by the tens of thousands in mines, in workshops, in factories, in rural industries, aye, in the very womb of the starving mother? ALL WARFARE MEANS THAT THE INNOCENT SUFFER WITH THE GUILTY, and as the present state of warfare must continue until all the hosts of organised Labor, which Socialism and Syndicalism alone are educating towards revolution, demand with one voice the world for the workers, we can at the present moment only use the ever-growing list of the names of

the heroes who have fallen in the fight, to spur on our fellow-workers to renewed and more scientifically organised fighting. We can but point out that such feeble stuff as the following quotation from the article on Syndicalism brands it as of Capitalist origin, and as written by a man who has no real knowledge of what the workers have at stake in our movement: "Socialism was a monumental theory long before it entered the world of practical politics with a policy and a program of remedial measures tending to relieve the miseries of the people, and at the same time assisting society in its evolution towards collectivism." This may be Utopian Socialism, but it has nothing to do with Marx's scientific Socialism, which IS AN INTERPRETATION OF THE EXISTING INDUSTRIAL CONDITIONS BASED ON THE EXPLOITATION OF THE WORKERS; and whose aim is a revolutionary CHANGE OF OWNERSHIP OF THE MEANS OF EXISTENCE. The writer further tells us "that the workers strike with pleasure." His ideas of pleasure are the ideas of the Capitalist, and he can know nothing of the home struggle of the workers while a strike is on; of the strain on the mother, the home-maker; of the deterioration in health; of the overwhelming heritage of debt; of, too often, the final break-up of the home when the bread-winner is imprisoned, fined, and punished by the very men whom his vote has helped to put in power.

The Capitalist looks upon the workers in every part of the world as "unpleasant inferior men," and he believes that they strike, and risk everything in life that makes life worth living, "for pleasure"; and he writes in political "Labor" papers, and tells the workers, and unfortunately, the workers do not at present arise in their wrath, and crush the lie back in his throat.

Now let us read what political Laborism has to say when it is securely in power, when it has deluded the mass of the workers to the "step-at-a-time" policy so dear to the heart of the Capitalist; but when it perceives on the horizon a little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand—scientific, revolutionary Socialism.

In the Sydney *Worker* of December 7th, a writer lectures "Sectarian Socialists," under which title he no doubt includes the International Socialists of Australasia, who alone are organised with the International Socialists all over the world. To call us sectarian is surely to fail to see the wood for the trees. Karl Marx is called in this article our "God," and he is dragged forth to rebuke us; but it was Marx who wrote: "Workers of the world, unite!" and I have searched his "scriptures" in vain for an amendment on the lines of "White workers of the world, unite!" Marx is further appealed to as saying: "In what relation do the Socialists stand to the proletarians as a whole? They do not set up any sectarian principles of their own, by which to shape and mould the proletarian movement. They do not form a separate party, opposed to other working class parties." We International Socialists remark, "Hear, hear!" to these most excellent sentiments, and we most cordially invite the working class parties of Australasia to come into the great international movement of the proletarians of the world; but we warn them beforehand that when they tap at the door of the International Bureau, they will have to drop their provincial impedimenta of a "White Australia," and "compulsory military service," because International Socialism unites on the basis of THE CLASS STRUGGLE, NOT COLOR OR SEX STRUGGLE, and its triennial Congresses are a growing menace to militarism in all its manifestations.

The International Socialists seek

in every way union with the organised proletariat; they are with them in all their struggles. They back them up in every strike, they are organising everywhere for the general strike in the event of a Capitalist war. But they cannot seek alliance with a political party which palpably masquerades under the name of Labor; which seeks only the aggrandisement of leaders and of politicians, and which leaves the mass of the workers to swelter in poverty, and in the dire grip of capitalist exploitation. We point to the underpaid women, to the children sweated in rural industries, to the teachers with their starveling salaries, to the strikers jailed, fined, and despicably treated. We point to the slums and the overcrowding, and the unchecked rapaciousness of the land-owner; we point to the power and aggressiveness of the Roman Church (not a religion, but a political organisation), and we ask, we International Socialists all over the world, "Can this be a party representing the true interests of the proletariat; can this be a party organised in the true interests of the workers; can this be a party to which Marx and Engels with their materialistic interpretation of history, and their fearless denunciation of Capitalist exploitation, would have given their blessing?"

As long as we belong to the great international organisation of the proletarians of the world, we are not afraid of the epithets of "Anarchists" or of "Sectarians," and we once more challenge those outside to come inside, and put "Socialism" to the test.

Port Adelaide Notes.

BY A WORKER.

Things are moving some. Last Saturday the U.L.U. opened here. The U.L.U. organisation isn't Industrial Unionism. Still if all the unions would start out to propagate the One-Big-Union idea, good would result. It seems only to waste time to ask men to join a craft union.

The disgraceful Koombana business has created some resentment here, and I believe that when the real truth of the affair is put before the workers in THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST some officials will be fired. One Big Union, with one union ticket, is the way out.

Spillman is doing fine work here in pushing the paper and Socialist literature, especially among the men on vessels in port.

I commend this work to the attention of readers, and appeal to them to assist in pushing THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST, which proves its sincerity to the working class, and only that class, by refusing to open its pages to capitalist advertisements. I appeal to those who have been purchasing the paper weekly to take it for six months or a year, thus helping to make possible its enlargement. I appeal not only to the Port Adelaide workers, but to all the workers of Australia.—11.12.11.

On account of the Xmas holidays, the columns of this number of THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST were closed up on Saturday, Dec. 23. Therefore, reports and other matter which arrived after that day could not be inserted.

A man who objects to Lloyd George's antagonism to the women who want votes pelted a soap-box or some other kind of box at the Chancellor's ear the other day. His aim was good, and the magistrate figured the shot up as worth two months' jail. The sentence was apparently imposed for the injury done to Lloyd George's hearing machine; but really the man deserved it for wilfully wasting good soap-boxes in that way.

The Beuno of politics—Willy Wood.

Mick's Christmas Letter.

BY DORA B. MONTEFIORE.
(Concluded from last issue.)

"This lady, yer Worship." And to Mick's surprise, Mrs. Stokes, Jim's mother, elbowed her way towards the end of the table, and faced the magistrate. His surprise was due to the fact that Mrs. Stokes and his mother were sworn foes, and that in the dim past it was Mrs. Stokes' searching and contemptuous questions about Mick's father which had been the cause of many of his childish pangs. She now, with Mick's surprise, had on a grand hat with nodding red flowers, and her face was shiny with soap and perspiration.

"Yus, yer Honor, I mean yer Worship; I'm willing to look after him, and act towards him as I would towards my own, till his mother, what is a friend of mine, can take him over again. Me name's Stokes—Mrs. Stokes of Jubilee-street, yer Worship."

"Well, Mrs. Stokes, this boy must go to school every day, and to Sunday School every Sunday, and he must learn the ten commandments and the catechism; and a constable will call round from time to time to see how he's behaving, and whether he attends school regularly."

"Yus, yer Worship, he shall go with me own boys yer Worship; and there's no better boys in the town, yer Worship, though I say it as shouldn't, and."

"That will do. Have you the money for the summons?" interrupted the magistrate, who had seventeen more cases on the list for that morning.

The money was paid over by the voluble Mrs. Stokes. Mick's cap was pushed into his hands, and a few minutes later he found himself seated in the tram by the side of his deliverer, and on his way back to Balmain. Here he lived for three wretched days in the bosom of the Stokes family, forbidden on pain of having the police set on him to go beyond the back yard, and plentifully kicked and bullied by Jim, as a punishment for falling into the hands of the coppers. Then Mr. Bunter, the dairyman, appeared on the scene; Mick was looked over contemptuously.

"Yer said he was risin fourteen; looks more like eleven. He'd be no good at the job; he's a softie."

"Well, yer can take him or leave him," was Mrs. Stokes' rejoinder; but it ain't so easy nowadays to get kids fur yer bleedin dairy farms. There'll be no questions arst with this one here. His mother's a goner, and he ain't got any other relations as I knows of; and I've seen him in the streets since he was a tottler, I have."

"Well, wot's the figure?" was Mr. Bunter's retort.

They turned away and whispered for a few minutes. Then the dairyman produced a canvas bag, and money exchanged hands; after which ceremony Mr. Bunter remarked to Mick: "Got anny togs? If so, you'd better fetch em quick, fer yer goin' into the country with me fer a holiday."

Mick's lip trembled; he had an intuition of coming trouble.

"Please, sir, I dont want to go inter the country; I promised me mother I'd stay around till she come out of the hospital again. . . . and . . . I want me mother." And Mick stood up against the wall, with his face hidden in his elbow and sobbed.

"Now then, stow that!" was Mr. Bunter's advice, as he pushed the child towards the door. "Don't forget yer've been in the hands of the police, and if they catch yer again they'll put yer in choke, or give yer a taste of the birch. Come on, now," he continued, taking the boy by the shoulder.

"Have yer got anny togs? Yus or no?" Mick bethought him of his leather bag with its varied contents, and of a cherished blue jersey; and as he realised that the fates were against him, as far as future residence in Balmain was concerned, he dived into the cupboard known as a bedroom which he had shared with Jim and his younger brother Bob, stuffed the jersey into the bag with the other treasures, and appeared with his worldly possessions once more in the presence of Mr. Bunter.

"Now then, quick march!" exclaimed that gentleman, who, under the benign influence of a drink seemed now pleased with his side of the bargain. And after an all night journey in the train, where Mick slept intermittently between a small Chinaman and a huge rockhopper, and felt hungry and chilly all the time, they reached the railway platform, which was the end of the first stage of their journey. From here an ancient three-horse vehicle, dignified by the name of a coach, conveyed Mick and his boss through clouds of dust to the slip-rails of Parson's Creek Farm; and by mid-day, after a prefatory meal of tea, cold meat and bread, which Mick devoured ravenously, he had begun the dreary round of pigsties, calf-pens, and milking sheds, in which his life for the future was to revolve.

Mr. Bunter was a disciplinarian, whose grip on the ear of a small boy was a grim and cruel one. Mrs. Bunter had become hardened and acidulated in character from a prolonged and arduous wrestle in the back blocks against drought, dust, flies, and loneliness; and she worked off some of

her nervous irritation on the boy child, who could not for many weeks be made to realise that milk required clean receptacles, or that orphan boys were born in order to slave in the service of cows and calves. Gladys, the elder Bunter girl, possessed her father's temperament, allied with a feminine cunning in the devising of small forms of torture and teasing that made Mick's life well nigh unendurable. Her sex proclivities were precocious and unrestrained. She had practised her arts of conquest on the lad of fifteen who had performed Mick's duties till a month ago, when some professional rabbiters had lured him away. He had been a big burly boy, who kicked the calves, and was the terror of the lanky slab-sided horses running in the creek paddock; and he had not proved insensible to Gladys' blandishments. But Mick was a child, and a singularly undeveloped child at that, and as soon as Gladys with precocious intuition had discovered this fact she spared no pains to show her disapproval of the newcomer. Any duties she could shirk she passed on to Mick's shoulders, and anything that went wrong was immediately laid at Mick's door. She took delight in sending him errands through the paddock where a savage old bull often disputed the path with those who were not used to his ways; for she knew that Mick would rather walk a mile round by Bates' pond than take the quarter of a mile short cut through the upper paddock. It was one of Gladys' duties to collect the plateful of scraps which served for Mick's dinner, and on days that Mick had incurred her displeasure the contents of the plate were frugal in quantity as well as unappetising in quality. Lil, the younger girl, had a more amiable disposition, but was weak in character, and herself suffered at times from Gladys' tormenting proclivities, but Mrs. Bunter was constantly on the alert to protect her younger and favorite child; so that Lil's stealthy patronage of Mick was viewed at least with neutrality by Mrs. Bunter, who kept her own counsel when she observed Lil putting a scrap of jam on a piece of bread for the lad's supper, when Mick, not being in time for the clearing away of tea, Gladys had thrown his plateful of scraps into the pigwash bucket, and had locked for the night the pantry door. Mrs. Bunter argued that though it was right and proper to keep the boy on short commons, when he didn't finish his cleaning-up tasks in the calf-pen in time, yet, as he looked sickly, there might come a breaking point when he wouldn't be able to work, or might have to be sent to the hospital, and it would be difficult then to find another boy to take his place.

As little Mick sat on his heels this Christmas afternoon in front of the old milking stool, sucking the point of his pencil which from time to time worked so laboriously over the smeared page, he seemed to look down a long vista of childish martyrdoms, when cold water was thrown over him by the irate Bunter who found him asleep at five o'clock one morning, when he should have been out in the weird bush dawn at half-past three, driving in the cows for milking; of occasions when he had gone supperless to bed, because the calves had got out of the pen; and of being hit over the head with a broom handle, because after a night of drenching rain, he could not succeed in lighting the fire under the outside copper, where the water was boiled for scalding the dairy utensils. But the few hours rest in honor of Christmas day, and the chance of writing this letter, which Lil was to post next time she rode into the township, gave him a feeling of unusual hope, and he read through with pride the lines he had already accomplished:

"My dear mother, I hope you are better, and have come home again, if missus stokes won't tell you where I am, just come up here and take me right away for I am very unhappy and they all nocks me about except Lil who gave me some lollies once and who has promised to post this letter, mister Bunter, he's the boss, said he was takin me into the country for a holiday, but I have to find and milk 16 cows evry mornin before 6 o'clock and missus Bunter she won't give me no brekfass till the fires lit and the water boilin for skaldin the cans and things and the other day I got faint like and fell off the milkin stool and Gladys shes Bunter's eldest dawter and she keeps company with Josh Kelly but he dont no that she kisses Bill Hart in the evenings sumtimes behind the dairy, she thruvins water over me and when I came too she told her ma I had kicked over her pale o' purpose and her ma belived her and I got no brekfass and my hed aaked all day and I dont like the country and I hates bunter . . ."

Here Mick fell into another fit of musing, while a big tear gathered slowly and fell with a splash on the paper; Mick wiped it away with his sleeve, making a smear across the paper, and went on with his writing.

"If you will cum and fetch me I wont be no trouble at home and I tell me now how wash up ever so clean and I'll do all your errands, and I wont have no truck with Charlie Sullivan and I'll soon grow big and bring all me munney home I will s'help me, and I wont go near the chineymen's gardens again and it wasnt me as stole the collyfours jim shuvved it into me arms and the perliseman told a lie."

Here, at the recollection of the accumu-

lated injustices the fates had heaped upon him, Mick laid his head down on the milking stool, and let the hot tears run in wayward blotches across his letter. But, in spite of his sensitive childish nature, he had a stout little heart, and he once more wiped his sleeve across his face, and braced himself for a final appeal.

"O mother dear do make haste and send for me or cum and fetch me for mister Bunter says evry day I'm no good and dont urn me tucker even, and I said to him one day let me go home to mother then and he took and cort me over the ear with hisgrate big hand and the blood came out of me nose and i'm deaf on that side ever since and o mother i cant bare it any longer and . . ."

"Any one to home?" cried a coarse young voice at the corner of the veranda. Lil appeared, a sandy-haired, freckled child, at the door of the girls' room.

The speaker was Bill Hart the rabbitier from Gowan's paddock, and he held in his hand a grubby envelope.

"I've brought a letter which the postman left yesterday at our hut; hishorse had gone lame and he couldnt get across the creek. . . . Gladys in?" he asked in a lower voice.

"Yes, she is," replied Lil in the same key; "but she says she's not comin out till the evenin; it's too hot."

"Well, here's the letter for your dad, and tell Gladys I'll be down in the gully at nine to-night near the blazed tree; I've got somethin from Sydney to show her."

Lil came forward to take the letter, but at the same moment Mr. Bunter, in shirt sleeves, with his braces hanging down, and just aroused by the voices from afternoon slumber, interposed.

"Now then, wot's this chap doin bangin about here talkin to my gurls? I wont have no rabbitiers about here, I've told you that before. Wot's this letter?" taking it from Lil's hand.

While Bunter jerked the envelope open and read its contents, Hart slouched across the yard, unhitched and threw his leg across a lanky chesnut, and with a "git!" ambled away towards the slip rails. Bunter, reading as he went, left the shade of the verandah, and followed across the dusty yard to the dairy. He scratched his dusty hair, and as the old dog got up and greeted him he kicked her mechanically on one side.

"Mick!"

The boss's voice recalled the child to reality, and with a frightened start he scrambled the letter together, pushed it into his shirt, and appeared red-eyed and scared at the door of the lean-to.

"Wot yer doin, you young skulker, loafing here when you should be bringing in wood? Get out of this and harness up the mare in double quick time, or I'll makeyou feel somethin." Mick, moving to get his hat, a page of the letter fell from his ragged shirt, and fluttered to the ground.

"Wot yer got there? Give it me."

Mick pushed the letter back into his shirt, and made as if to walk past the bully towards the buggy shed.

"Wot yer hidin there, I asrt yer?" And a brutal hand was laid on the boy's shoulder. Mick went pale, and Bunter could feel the child's heart beat under the grip like the heart of a frightened rabbit.

"I've bin writin to me mother; it's only a letter to her."

"Quite a young gent, arnt yer? writin letters in yer spare time? Well (brutally) it's the last letter yer need trouble yerself to write her for yer mother's dead. She died in the hospital a fortnight ago; and yer friend Mrs. Stokes writes ter asrt how yer enjoyin yer holiday in the country?"

It must have been the hot sun, for Mick suddenly heard his boss's voice as if it came from a long way off; and as Bunter let go his grip, the boy slipped to the ground a little heap of unconsciousness. Bunter stooped and looked into the child's face, then with an oath called, "Lil! Bring a dipper of water."

A few minutes later the boy was struggling on the floor of the lean-to, where Bunter had dragged him out of the sun before sousing him with cold water. Old Bess, the dog, was trying to lick his face, and Lil gave him a helping hand as he shook the dust and water out of his hair and clothes. The sleeve of his shirt was hanging by a thread and he thrust a lean arm into the place where the treasured letter should have been lying. His hand drew out a small lump of pulp; the water had destroyed all semblance of a letter.

Mick looked up, still dazed from the effect of the fainting fit, but in his eyes there was a look of sullen despair which had never been there before. Bunter was still waiting outside, angrily flicking away the flies that whirled round his head.

"Go back to the house," he said sharply to Lil. "I'll settle the young shaver now."

And as the girl slouched past him he turned to the child slave, and with an oath told him to "Get a move on and harness up the mare."

The shadows were beginning to lengthen across the cow yard. A kookaburra from the bush started by laughed a weird laugh, and Mick stumbled; still half dazed, across the yard, old Bess following at his heels in all the dejection of silent but understanding sorrow.

□ The Reviewer. □

The Land of the Starry Cross, and other Poems, by "GILROONEY." (T. C. Lothian, Little Collins-street, Melbourne. Cloth boards, 3s 6d.)

REVIEWED BY H. E. HOLLAND.

In his "Poetry Militant," Bernard O'Dowd tells us: "I hold that the real poet must be an Answerer, as Whitman calls him, of the real questions of his age, that is to say, that he shall deal with those matters which are, in the truest sense, interesting, and, in the noblest sense, useful to the people to whom he speaks."

"Gilrooney" (R. J. Cassidy) has published "The Land of the Starry Cross and Other Poems," through the firm of T. C. Lothian, Melbourne.

Incidentally, it may be remarked that Lothian appears to be separating the cream of Australian literature from the sour milk of trash: Kendall, Adam Lindsay Gordon, Brady, O'Dowd, Esson, and nearly all the other front-rankers in the Australian world of letters are in his catalogues.

Nicely bound in cloth, and lettered in gold, Gilrooney's book has for its title piece, "The Land of the Starry Cross," points to the Australian Republic:

I list to the tramp of the Purposed Men
As they march to the splendid goal,
And I feel the fire of the prophet's pen
And the faith of the singer's soul.
Aye, ours is the land of transcendent worth,
And the cross in the purple sky
Shall yet gleam down on an Eden earth
Where the flags of a nation fly.

In "The Common People" there is a revolutionary echo that recalls the splendid defiance of Francis Adams. A note of delightful manhood sings into the lines:

I come of the common people, and I seek
No childish pride
In the shame of fool forefathers who in
Scandal ages died:
I come of the breed that gave me no fancy
Blood in my veins,
But my mother slaved in the homestead,
And my father toiled on the plains.

My mother worked hard in homespun, my
Father in dungaree,
And my brothers and sisters aided, and
Worked by the side of me;
I've wearied in field and factory, and
Labored long in the mines,
And I crave no honor beyond just this: To
Die in the fighting lines.

I come of the common people—the bravest
And best on earth;
I'm proud of my sturdy fathers, and glad
Of my humble birth;
I'm proud of my sturdy people, who were
Honest and brave and strong,
For they gave me the courage to seek for,
And the strength to strike at, wrong.

I come of the common people—the folk
Who are wrinkled and grey,
But, mark ye well, they have children who
Shall reckon with you one day;
They shall come with the tramp of an army,
And each in his rightful place,
Yea, the Sons of the Common People and
Christ of the Ruling Race.

Does the reader know anything of life in the bushlands? If he does, as he reads Gilrooney, especially as he reads "Down in Riverina," he will forget the city's smoke and crush and din and squalor and ugliness; and the hills and the mountains—with their soaring spirit of freedom—will rise up in the distance: smiling valleys and green-carpeted plains will stretch away from his feet; the gliding waters of long, winding rivers and gentle creeks will glisten before him and murmur sweet ripples of music for his delectation; the birds will sing for him; the sun will shine from a sapphire sky; and the laughter of maidens ring in his ears. For Gilrooney's is a Riverina of freedom and romance faithfully written in a language of love with a pen of poetic fancies dipped in realistic ink.

Down in sunny Riverina where the skies
Are bright and blue,
Where the men are always striving and the
Maids are sweet and true,
Where the daylight breaks in splendor, and
The sunlights dream all day,
Where the breezes drone their stories, and
The rippling waters play,
Where the nights are black and silver, and
The days are gold and green,
Where one's life is worth the living—down
In sleepy Riverina.

Born of the "common" people, and with Irish blood of inherited freedom throbbing in his veins, and cultivated in a "land of laughter, with its valleys and its streams," it is not strange that Gilrooney, looking towards Russia, should

Hear the voices raised for Freedom as our
Brothers face the foe,
See the blood that prints a story as it
Trickles through the snow.

Neither is it strange that he should recognise it for "the same old story told of hate

and grasping greed," for it is a story that has been told in every land, but

Never yet has grim Oppression crushed a
spirit down so low
In the homes of rain and sunshine, or the
lands of sleet and snow,
But that spirit rose twice-strengthened from
the passion of its pain—
Rose daring and defiant in its triumph
once again.

Gilrooney is no pessimist, and for a moment he drops his song of the Republic and the common people and Riverina and Russia, while he flings a hard-baked brick of verse at the croakers:

And in spite of Life's Shadows and Sorrows,
In spite of the withering scorn
Of the croakers for painful to-morrows,
It's glorious, dear, to be born!
So here's to the "Fun of the Future,"
"Good-bye" to the days that are fled;
"Better Luck" to the men
Who have troubles—but then
We'll miss all the fun when we're dead!

Then he dreams of "The Law"—and his dream is a nightmare. The first verse:

Last night I had a fearful dream, and this
is what I saw:
A fiendish monster, grey and gaunt, that
called itself the Law.
Through ways of Truth and Innocence I saw
it fiercely grope
The while it grasped a prison key, a rifle,
and a rope.

The Law "searched through Hunger's lone
abode," and sneaked where the gas-light fell
on hungry and homeless children; blundered through realms of Love and Faith and Innocence; tempted Virtue from its path, and then dragged it back and dealt out the punishment of spite; fished the people's heritage, and aided the sharks and spicers to rob the widow and her child, and the same night went smilingly to dine with Fat.

The last verse:
Last night I had a fearful dream, and this
is what I saw;
A fiendish, hate-inspiring thing that called
itself the Law.
The while I gazed into its face cold shudders
shook me through—
I woke and looked around the world, AND
FOUND MY DREAM WAS TRUE!

"Won't you be a Socialist" will bear reprinting in another issue of this paper. But, dwindling space notwithstanding, we must pause to watch, with Gilrooney, the men who are "Marching By." They are nearly twenty millions strong; and their battle-drums are beating, and they are tramping down the bye-ways "where the lonely scouts have gone," and their tools of trade are glistering, and their banners are all unfurled, and they bring "hopes that light the future," and they sing a song of freedom:

Ah, that song shall not be silenced, nor that
ceaseless tramping stayed
Till the birthrights of the people at that
Army's feet are laid;
And those drums shall not be deadened, nor
those waving banners furled,
Till the owners march in triumph thro' the
highways of the world!

Surely Gilrooney is one of the Answerers.

Surely he deals with "those matters that are, in the truest sense, interesting, and, in the noblest sense, useful to the people to whom he speaks."

Grace Bros. are erecting another big store at the Glebe, Sydney, at a cost of £50,000. Twenty years ago the Graces occupied a couple of small shops at the Glebe, and were among those soft-goods sellers who used to employ girls on trial for a month at nothing a week, and then start them at 2s 6d if they suited. The great block of buildings built some years back and the new buildings now going up are all paid for out of the surplus wealth (the unpaid wages) produced by the Graces' employees. Some day the workers will recognise this, and then Grace Bros., along with the rest of the capitalists, will get notice to quit.

The Federal Labor Government got some 28 bills through the session just ended, and—with the exception of the sickly Seamen's Compensation Act (which is afflicted with staggers in the knees, tubercular of the spine, and heart weakness) there is not one that has any special interest for the working class. And, including the Seamen's Compensation Act, there is not one measure that the Deakook gang or any other capitalist combination might not have readily enacted without in any way offending the robber-class interests they stand for.

HOSKINS' LITTLE HERO.

[FOR THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.]

BY DANIELSON.

THE Federal Government pays the Hoskins family 12s per ton royalty on pig iron, 12s per ton on pud le bars, and 12s per ton on steel made from pig iron. A condition of the bonus is that union wages shall be paid to the men employed by the firm.

Some months back the iron ore miners employed at Carcoar were refused union wages by Hoskins.

The Federal Labor Government then declined to interfere with Mr. Hoskins' bonus, on the ground that the iron ore miners were not employed in the manufacture of iron and steel—the only mined ore from which it was made.—From "The Lithgow Scandal," by H.E.H., in *The International Socialist*, Nov. 4, 1911.

When Mr. Hughes was touring the South to smash the coal strike, Mr. Hoskins (Lithgow) said his actions were "the actions of a little hero,"—his actions were "Police Garrisoned Lithgow," by "Another Ironworker," in *The International Socialist*, Nov. 25, 1911.

[Socialist Sunday School children, kindly sing triumphantly, to the tune of "I Want to be an Angel."]

I've wished to be a hero, and with the
heroes stand,
A wreath upon my forehead, a pen within
my hand;
And right beside my Masters—those pay-
triots so bright—
To write my "Case for Labor," and serve
them day and night.

I've hoped to be a statesman, and with the
statesmen sit,
Admired for legal learning and eloquence
and wit,
And there among the rascals who talk to
murder time,
Aspire to reach my Heaven—the Ministry—
sublime!

I've tried to be a leader of men in unions
strong,
To baffle all their efforts to right their cruel
wrong,
And lead the trusting workers from bullying
strikers' forts,
DISARMED and DISUNITED to Arbitra-
tion Courts!

I've aided loyal cut-throats, and helped to
pass their Bill
Compelling workers' children to learn to
shoot and kill
Their fathers, uncles, brothers, and other
friends unknown
And fight and die defending the land the
robbers own!

I've schemed with traitor jingoes to furnish
arms and men
To shield my wealthy patrons who've bought
my voice and pen;
And force each landless toiler, who lifelong
dives and delves,
To give his sons to murder, whilst we exempt
ourselves!

I've envied legal robbers whose stoic wealth
affords
The times and means and manners to mix
with noble lords;
I've sighed to dine with princes, and grovel
on my knees
To dukes, and earls, and monarchs, and
bugs of high degrees.

I've longed to be a master, to dwell in lei-
sure sweet
In lovely rural mansion, with menials at
my feet;
To rule and rob my vassals in ancient,
royal style,
And owe my debts forever, or pay them by
the mile!

I've dreamt I was an author, and carved,
with traitor's pen,
My name upon the tablet of earth's immor-
tal men,
And wrote my "Case for Labor" at thirty
piece a line
To cast my pearls of wisdom to locust working
scum!

Hurrah! I'm now a statesman, a leader,
and a swad,
A master, jingo, author, and serve a Golden
God!
But best of all these blessings and dreams
that have come true,
I'M HOSKINS' LITTLE HERO!

Hurrah! ! ! !
Adieu!

Dec. 10, 1911.

Answers to Correspondents.

E. MOYLE, Adelaide.—Received too late for this issue—on account of our going to press earlier.

R.H., Melbourne; A.B., Sydney; G.O., Woonona.—Thanks.

Other replies held over.

Mr. Havelock Wilson is "pleased" with the Australian Seamen's Award—which is more than can be said of all the Australian seamen. Guess Mr. Wilson is also "pleased" with the Koombana scabbery!

The way to do it. Get subs. for THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

S.F.A. News & Notes.

National Executive.

MEETING of the Administrative Council, held at secretary's residence, Dec. 19. Present: Winspear and Rutherford (Sydney); Dierks, acting-treasurer; Holland, general secretary.

Correspondence was received from I.S. Bureau, forwarding resolution from the Socialist Party of the United States re immigration to California; from Newtown, agreeing to hold anti-war meeting; from Balmain, intimating that Sloan and McKurley were appointed National Executive members; from Melbourne, re sustentation.

It was resolved that the U.S. resolution re immigration be published; and also that a call be made for additional business for next Conference, to be in secretary's hands by Jan. 31.

The Council adjourned to the second Wednesday in January.

Broken Hill.

On Sunday last comrade De Williams occupied the Socialist platform, and spoke interestingly on "Environment." He replied to quite a sheaf of questions, and then followed a discussion.

On the previous Sunday, C. W. Green spoke on "If Christ came to Broken Hill," and as his remarks have caused quite a furor among some of the church votaries who were at vespers that Sunday evening, local Socialists desire to see the speech reported in THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.—11.12.11.

Balmain.

The usual meeting was held on Saturday at Rozelle, when comrade Moore took the chair, and Comrade Blumenthal was the principal speaker. There was a good audience, but a rather rowdy element was present.

On Sunday, at Rowntree-street, comrade Talbot took the chair, and comrades Whitmore and Grant spoke to a good attentive audience, the latter keeping the meeting going till 10 o'clock.—19.12.11.

Said Labor-member Fern at Lithgow: "In his opinion, it was one of the finest fights for freedom and for industrial justice that had occurred in New South Wales, and also because of the honesty and integrity of the officers who conducted the fight." But he neglected to add that, because of their honesty and integrity, some of those officers had been ironed and jailed by the Labor Party, and that, because of their fine fight for industrial freedom, a hundred of the Lithgow workers had been heavily fined by the Labor Party. This paper invites Mr. Fern to say why he made the omission.

Be swift. Move for the firing line.
Join the S.F.A.

Maintenance Fund.

For "The International Socialist."

Friend, Cessnock, 3s. J. W. Kerr 2s. Schummann 5s. Friends, Market Street, 2s.

Total for week, 12s 6d.

The Press Fund.

Amounts donated to this Fund are devoted solely to liquidating the debt on the Printing Plant used to produce THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

	£	s	d
Already acknowledged	125	19	5
Collected at Club Social	0	10	7
Collected at Domain Meeting	1	16	6

Total - - - - - 128 6 6

Advanced as Loans.

	£	s	d
Already acknowledged	5	0	0

Balance - - - - - 133 6 6

All communications to be addressed to O. W. Jorgensen, secretary, Press Fund Committee, 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

Party Premises Fund.

	£	s	d
Already acknowledged	9	5	6

All communications to be addressed to J. Chambers, 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

International Socialist Party.

HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING.

A full attendance of members of the above Party is requested at the Half-Yearly General Meeting, to be held in the rooms, 274 Pitt Street, Sydney, on Tuesday, January 9, 1912.

Business: Election of officers for the ensuing half-year, and Secretary's half-yearly report. Balance Sheet to be brought up at first meeting in January, 1912. And any other business that might arise.

J. BLUMENTHAL, Secretary.

Capital's Trinity.

The Seamen and the Koombana Scabbery.

BY H. E. HOLLAND.

NEARLY five years ago the Speckels steamer Sonoma had trouble with its crew in Sydney Harbor. The crew struck to enforce a clause of an agreement, made between their union and the Speckels Co., providing that only unionists should be employed. Union labor had been superseded by non-unionists by order of the officers; and, as a result of the strike, the crew was sent to jail. In the meantime, the shipowners or their representatives got into touch with the Sydney executive of the Seamen's Union, and that executive (of which Mr. Cooper was secretary) actually undertook to provide a crew of unionists to take the places of the men who had been sent to jail for upholding a union principle—in other words, the Sydney executive of the Seamen's Union undertook to find unionists for a scab job. That they did not succeed was solely due to the intervention of some International Socialists and other militants. Mr. Cooper himself complained to the Labor Council that the executive would have succeeded in shipping a crew, but for the action of persons who had gone abroad among the seamen persuading them that they would be regarded as black-legs if they signed on for the Sonoma.

One would have thought that that detestable act of betrayal would have opened the eyes of the seamen; but after five years Mr. Cooper still holds the highest official position, and Senator Guthrie and others who participated in the Sonoma scabbery are still executive officers, and the Seamen's Union still clings to the antiquated, obsolete methods of craft organization that makes such blackleg deeds part of the official work of union executives.

Once again, the Seamen's Executive—the time the National Executive—has given every honest Seaman with union principles something to think about.

In November last at Fremantle, the firemen on the Koombana ceased work because of the treatment meted out to them by the chief steward, and also because they could not get proper food. The shipowners, refusing to recognise the men's grievances, paid all of them off—in other words, sacked them for being unionists, and applied to the Seamen's Union for a crew of unionists to act as scabs by replacing the victimised men. The general secretary of the union (Mr. Cooper), apparently instructed by his executive, wired to the Adelaide agent, ordering that a crew (of scabs) be secured and sent on from that city. Obviously, the Adelaide men were not made fully acquainted with the position, and in due time the Karoola landed fifteen union men at Fremantle, but these learning the true state of affairs, positively refused to scab. Meetings of all available members of the union were also held at Fremantle, and decided against a scab crew of unionists being found for the Koombana.

The sturdy loyalty of these men to working-class principles was bitterly resented by the scab-providers on the executive, and Mr. Cooper telegraphed to the Seamen's Rep. at Fremantle: "It has been decided that the Koombana should be manned, leaving the dispute concerning the chief steward for investigation. Members' action at the present juncture is detrimental to the best interests of the union, as a special meeting cannot reverse the decision of the executive, and the Fremantle meetings are informal. The men who signed the agreement at Adelaide are liable either to suspension or expulsion from the union."

There are several points worth noting in this telegram. The executive alone "decided" that the scab work must be done. The dispute concerning the steward was to be investigated later—presumably by Mr. Cooper and his brother-masons of the Shipowners' Federation over a glass of champagne. But there is no mention that the case of the victimised men should be "investigated." When men stand true for unionism, their conduct is detrimental to the interests of the union! Of course, it is; if the union is just a scab agency at the beck and call of employers who are fighting men who stand for the basic principles of unionism. Since the constitution of the craft Seamen's Union leaves full power in the hands of the executive, all that the employers have got to do is to buy out the executive—and every time there is a dispute the executive can order union men to scab on union men. And finally—if union men

will persist in being union men, and thereby damaging the employers' interests, they are liable to be suspended or expelled.

The employers next offered a bonus to the Adelaide unionists of £5 per man, for those who would do the scab work. The men replied that they wouldn't go for £100 per man.

Then another agency of Capitalism raised its voice and demanded that Seamen's Union members should become scabs. The new scab agency was the Federal Arbitration Court. Judge Higgins was delivering the award in the Seamen's case—an award that is far from satisfactory to working-class men—and he seized the opportunity to deliver himself of a remarkable outburst. He openly hinted that if the Koombana was not manned by members of the union, he would withhold the award. In other words, acting quite within the limits of the law, and in no way transgressing the functions of his office, Judge Higgins from the High Court Bench—utilising the machinery of the class-controlled Arbitration Court—became a recruiter of scabs for the shipowners, a sort of legalised second cousin to the crimp; a legal voice thundering the legal message of the master-class to the unionists that if they still refused to do scab work they would have to be taught some lessons.

So the Class Court joins hands with the Craft Union "leaders" (or, as friend Spill-Court—that exists to wield the power of organised scabbery in Master-Class interests;

for on Dec. 15 we learn that the Fremantle branch of the Seamen's Union has been notified that the "two firemen who took a leading part in the recent strike on the Koombana" HAVE BEEN SUSPENDED FROM MEMBERSHIP OF THE UNION FOR SIX MONTHS, the scab executive having decided that their action in delaying the Koombana was detrimental to the union. THEY HAVE ALSO BEEN FINED £5 EACH for their adherence to working-class principles; and, of course, as a result of this decision, the steamship-owners, acting in concert with the Scab Executive, will in the meantime refuse to employ the victimised unionists. So does the Seamen's Craft Union inflict unemployment on its members, and possibly want and hunger on their families, for their unionism!

Then the Shipowners' Federation adopts with the victimising methods of the executive of the Seamen's "Union," and apparently with the full concurrence of the Seamen's Scab Executive, instructs the chief engineers on all ships trading on the Australian Coast that THEY ARE NEVER AGAIN TO ENGAGE ANY MEN WHO CAME BY THE KAROOLA FROM ADELAIDE TO WORK IN THE STOKES-HOLD OF THE KOOMBANA AND THEN REFUSED TO JOIN THE VESSEL.

If the Seamen's Union were really a



R. S. ROSS: EDITOR, "MAORILAND WORKER."

(See Letterpress in next issue.)

man would say, bleeders), and these, of course, link up with the "owners." Let it be clearly understood that this is no shriek against Judge Higgins himself. All courts, all laws, all judges, exist to legally preserve the privileges of the exploiting class; and when they demand that working men shall scab on working men, they are but living up to the terms on which their own class permits them to be courts and laws and judges. What the seamen have to remember is that the Arbitration Law and Court and the judge are what the workers themselves have permitted the Labor Party to make them. The streak of organised scabbery runs through them all.

Having failed to get "union" scabs from Adelaide, the reprehensible executive must have turned its attention in other directions, and, presumably, Judge Higgins's command to the union to find scabs must have had its effect, for the daily papers of Dec. 2nd announced that the Koombana left Fremantle the previous day. "She received a new crew for the stokehold FROM THE EAST." This scab crew was taken to Fremantle in the Riverina, and it appears that the men were, metaphorically speaking, industrially "shanghaied" from Sydney.

The fact that they had been able to comply with the shipowners' demands, and that union men had been dumped into a scab job and made to blackleg on members of their own union, did not apparently satisfy the Trinity of Capitalism—the Shipowners' Federation, the Craft Union, and the Class

working-class union and not a scab-recruiting agency, it would lay every vessel idle on the Australian coast while that monstrous order remained, and if the Marine Engineers Union were a working-class union it would expel and treat as a scab every engineer who accepted such an order. It is only craft unionism that makes this kind of scab work and victimization possible.

The members of the Seamen's Union should repudiate the scab action of their executive. They should honor the men who held up the Koombana rather than victimize them. They should recognize that every man who upholds the executive's conduct is himself guilty of a scab action. Finally, the Seamen should fling aside the principles and methods of craft unionism, and should devote their attention to the ONE BIG UNION idea that will take out of the hands of treacherous officials the power to do scab work whenever the employers order them; that will arm the workers with power to laugh at the demands of the class courts that they shall be scabs; and that will also arm them with power to disregard the victimising orders of the employers.

Down with the Trinity of Capitalism! Down with Craft Unionism and its organised scabbery! Down with the Owners' Federations, and their class tyranny! Down with the Class Courts and their scab pronouncements in the interests of the employers!

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A plea for union men scabbing on fellow-unionists killed in the mines of Capitalism at Broken Hill was that the motion to cease work on a man being killed was moved by a Socialist! In the coal mining districts of N.S.W. whenever a worker is killed the mine is laid idle for the day.

TO JESUS OF NAZARETH.

(FOR THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.)

BY E. V. COGAN.

Is the highway and the byways
Of all the splendid cities great,
The mothers weep the children wail
And hunger at the rich man's gate.
They are crying, crying for bread,
Where Wealth and Want join hands with Hate.

And thou, O Jesus of Nazareth,
To whom men are bending the knee,
Dost know the years of their crying,
Hast heard their song of Misery?
Dost know your servants have sold you
For gold that Mammon flingeth free?

They say that your message was Peace
And Love and Goodwill for the world;
But your Church sings the Sword's bad song
While the death's-head flag of war's unfurled.
And from its age-worn mountain height
Your sermon they have mountain hurled.

You cursed the rich—their riches, too,
And trod for Judah's poor the way
That led to where the great cross stood
Upon the hill that far-off lay;
And now your church is decked with gold
The price that her rich robbers pay?

Jesus of Nazareth, do you hear
The "Tenth Commandment" of your Church?
Your Church is the end and goal of Mammon
Where rich men are rubbing the poor.
Broken Hill.

If Christ came to Broken Hill

BEING THE SUBSTANCE OF A LECTURE BY C. W. GREEN.

The contemporary religion of Christendom is above all things respectable. A cult is respectable when its applied precepts are necessarily consonant with the interests of the governing power of the age. The governing power or ruling class of any age is the gravitation-centre of economic society. It must bring its machinery and institutions into play whenever a cult arises that savors of the radical and iconoclastic, and ere that cult can become orthodox, ere it can be backed by the might and influence of esoteric society, it must be stamped with the impress of bourgeois morality. It must function as a pillar of all things Established and Accepted.

This view never enters the head of the ordinary church-goer. The surface of things sufficeth for him. A metaphysical faith clogs the eyes of his soul. He takes for granted that the Christianity he knows is the religion which Jesus of Nazareth brought to the world and that it mirrors all that his original followers believed and taught. An ecclesiastical hierarchy drilled this take-for-granted thesis into the heads of our medieval forebears; they in turn helped the priest to drill the idea into their children, who grew to manhood and womanhood without harboring a doubt upon this score. Generations grew up superstitious by instinct.

Thus, to-day, we find a state of affairs in which practically all mankind throughout Christendom who are ignorant of the history of Christianity are professing orthodoxy of one or other denomination. But with the spread of education has come the desire on the part of an ever-increasing number of laymen to put knotty queries before the clergy who represent themselves to be the keepers and expounders of theological truths and the ambassadors of the Christ. On every hand men began to probe the depths of the uncharted oceans of knowledge for himself, where hitherto he had inhaled whatever mental pabulum the hierarchy pleased to serve. The upshot of all this is reflected in the world-view of religion to-day. Yesterday, when the church dominated with the whims and wiles of priestcraft, the populace believed in asceticism and the mortification of the flesh. To-day it looks for the development of science to ring in happiness to all mankind and to lift off its burthen of pain and travail. Yesterday the churches were packed, and a trembling congregation listened to the gospel of hell-fire and damnation, and the priests pictured the Jordan with a million friends on the other side waiting, pitchforks in hand, to catch their poor souls and dip them into a bottomless pit of fire and brimstone for ever and ever. To-day, the heaven of free thought has given the priesthood the lie, and science has shown hell to be a fantastic illusion. Yesterday, science was shackled by the church on the altar of the inquisition. To-day, science has relegated the inquisition and all the paraphernalia of persecution to the limbo of tradition, and is opening the flood-gates of a free-thinking future.

The twentieth-century shall ban the priesthood. Not by any up-to-date inquisition shall the priesthood be banned, but rather by the enlightenment of the people. The people will see through the mummery and imposition that has gulled their ancestors through the centuries, and will refuse to patronise and pay parasitical popes, priests and parsons. The twentieth century will find something useful for these genial gentry to do.

The whole history of Christianity is a vindication of the right of the people to rest of the clergy. Let us take a very brief resume of that history.

Prior to the rise and development of the Christian religion Judaea was part of the

Roman Empire. But her peoples harbored an intense desire to cast aside the Roman yoke and reinstitute their national kingdom. Further, they believed implicitly that some day one would be born among them, a lineal descendant of King David, who would shatter the power of Imperial Rome and make them a free people. Tradition convinced the Israelites that they were God's own chosen people, that Israel was God's own Kingdom. And believing that God would look after his own and protect them from the Romans as he had protected them from the Amalakites, Hittites, Jebusites, and others, so he would send his Messiah, his agent-provocateur so to speak, to make Israel what it had been, the Kingdom of God.

While these ideas were current a powerful prophetic preacher stood forth from among his people as the exponent of a nobler view of the Kingdom of God. This man, known to posterity as John the Baptist, was the evangel of social regeneration. His was the voice of promise of a new order of things, a voice that for some time cried in the wilderness. For a long while he preached to stones. He saw they were not so hard as men's understanding.

His personality was rugged and uncouth. He wore a garment of camel's hair instead of a cloak, and a leather girdle around his loins. He fed on locusts and wild honey. His hair was long, black, and in disorder. His face was sunburnt, and his eyes flamed as if in frenzy. People, eventually, flocked from Judaea and Galilee into the wilderness to hear him. He spoke exactly as a modern Domain or Yarra-bank orator might speak addressing a Labor demonstration. He was such a man as, say, John Ball, Marat, or Bill Hayward. John's vocabulary of invective was strong. Pharisees and Sadducees mocked at him, and feigned a desire to be baptised, whereas he smote them and called them a generation of vipers. Communism, the every-man-according-to-his-needs conception, was the gospel of the Baptist. Among other things, he prophesied the immediate coming of the Messiah.

Among the crowd that thronged around John was a young carpenter, from Nazareth. The message of John sounded a responsive chord in the heart of Jesus, the Nazarene.

Consequently, when Jesus began to preach on the shores of Galilee with a ringing eloquence people began to think he was the Messiah, and looked to him to call down the hosts of armed angels from heaven to deliver Israel from the thralldom of Rome. But to proclaim war upon the hypocritical orthodoxy of his country seemed to him more fruitful of success than any military glory he might achieve.

In all the literature of invective there is none more scathing than his condemnation of the cant and humbug of the orthodox.

"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayer: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation."

"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves."

"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness."

"Even so ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity."

"Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

Can we wonder, when we read this indictment, that it was said of him, "Never man spake like this man." Indeed, there is no record in history of any one man daring to affront the social elite as did this young carpenter. And where are the revolutionary agitators to-day who will dare face an audience of modern Pharisees with such an accusation. If a man addressed the Pharisaees of Broken Hill as they filed out of their Holy of Holies on a Sunday night in this sort of language he would have a short shrift to the dark cells of Capitalism's local Silencer for the night. Yet if Christ came to Broken Hill, he would find the Pharisees very much multiplied. He would talk to them as he talked to their ancestral prototypes of Palestine, and the only power on earth that could keep him from the gallows is the power that kept Hayward, Moyer, and Pettibone from the gallows in America, the organized world-movement that men call Socialism.

From first to last Jesus was a social revolutionist. With his whole soul he loathed the self-complacency and passivity of the religionists who were content to be on the side of privilege and plunder, who barred their synagogues to the poverty problem and continued parroting pious platitudes and dear little moralities irrelevant to what they deemed "righteousness." He was born in the working-class. His birth was heralded by a revolutionary song. "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent empty away." It is highly ridiculous to witness a fashionable and conventional church congregation chanting this anthem when we remember that it was the chief revolutionary hymn of the Primitive

Christians of the first three centuries. They sang it in the catacombs of Rome where they hid from their persecutors, and, looking forward as they were, to a revolution in the affairs of this world, they meant literally every word they uttered.

The very first sermon Jesus preached contained these words, "He hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor, He hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives, recovery of sight to the blind, the setting at liberty of them that are bruised." And so, till the end his three years preaching, was a working-class agitator. There is weighty evidence that goes to prove that he was a member of a secret union. His sermon on the mount represents the constitution of the world republic he endeavored to establish.

Concluded in next issue.

Broken Hill Notes.

BY C.W.G.

Nothing startling is in the air at present, unless two or three wage-slaves per week going to their deaths on the line of lode can be designated "startling." Things happen here of which no heed is taken, that would startle Sydney.

Pneumonia is ravaging the homes of the Barrier, and nobody does anything—not even our Municipal Council with its galaxy of gigantic intellect. And if Broken Hill were not a stink-pot, these epidemics could be stamped out.

One of our comrades, Jack Knight, took bad a few weeks ago, and in four days was in his grave.

Then there's the perennial sight of the A.M.A. flag waving half-mast from the Trades Hall; there are ambances, funerals, and the army of one-armed and one-legged human products of the tragedy of toil on the Barrier, all which go to register the amassed stupidity of the class that works that it may be robbed.

There's been quite an exodus of Reds from this vale of dust and dirt of late. Last night comrade McInnes (a school-teacher), staunch and true to the proletariat, left for Sydney, in which vicinity he hopes to be stationed for the next couple of years. The night before Comrade De Williams also left by the train, making of Sydneywards.

Alf. Giles, one of our sympathisers and a militant anti-militarist, is getting into holts with Labor's benign conscript law, or rather his son is. The boy, a staunch young anti-militarist himself, was before the courts yesterday on a charge of neglecting to be trained by sprigs of Australian plutocracy to "cut his comrades' throats." This is the beginning of things. Watch! Alf. Giles is in good fighting nick, and he won't be bawled out by the bullies of the law. He standeth not alone. Back of him is the A.M.A.; and on behalf of that union, secretary Barnett has written pretty plainly to that Labor apostate, Senator Pearce, Minister of Defence, stating that if the Labor Party is going to make a test case of this, then it declares war with the A.M.A.—14. 12.11.

He who seeks truth should be of no country.—VOLTAIRE.

Fight, fight, fight! Revolutionary Socialism wants fighting Socialists. Join the S.F.A.

The N.S.W. Labor Government is refunding railway fares (amounting to £73!) to priests who attended Cardinal Moran's funeral. They will now give free passes to the N.S.W. delegates to next Socialist Conference. We don't think.

Australian Plumbers' Union has carried resolutions condemning the "Labor" Minister for Customs and the Commissioner for Railways for refusing to pay union wages to plumbers employed by the Department. Same old scab policy; same old scab party.

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Holds open-air meetings at Rozelle every Saturday evening; Balmain every Sunday evening. Business meetings, Oddfellows' Hall, Balmain, every Tuesday. Secretary: M. MOORE, 21 Lawson-street, Balmain.

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